

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 416.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

PRICE 1½d.

## MR ARKLEY'S WILL.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

‘THERE is that old pain again, about which Bromley shakes his head so much. Why does he shake his head? He is an idiot! Everybody has some ailment or other, and I am not exempt. I have had that pain since I was a child. My heart may not be exactly— Mercy on me, that *was* a spasm! A few more like that, and’—

Old Mr Arkley sat by himself, with his feet on the fender, and a cup of tea by his side. It was evening in winter, and the pattering rain and howling wind sounded dismally enough. Perhaps they gave an extra gloom to Mr Arkley's thoughts, for he resumed: ‘There is just this consideration: of course I must die some day, and Bromley, should he outlive me (which is hardly likely, for the smell of his own physis and the pangs of remorse must kill him before long, I should think), will look vastly wise, and say he saw that death was inevitable; and that sage remark will be accepted, doubtless, in testimony of his skill. However, there is one thing I may as well do, and why not at once? I ought to make a will. I'm not chicken-hearted in such a matter. Where's some paper?’

He soon practically answered his own question, and had writing materials before him. Then he leaned back.

Only a person of very phlegmatic temperament can make a will without emotion. It is your last communication. There is nothing beyond it. When they have put you in your grave, you come back to speak to them (the mourners) just for a few minutes, ere they separate in all directions, and gather again no more on your account. You can hear no comments, and can give no explanations. Well may a man making a will pause often and reflect.

Mr Arkley began his will with much ease; but when he had written a few lines, he hesitated, rubbed his forehead, laid down his pen, and rising from his chair, paced the room.

‘What a thousand pities,’ he muttered, ‘that George should thwart me in that one miserable particular! I should not have the slightest doubt except on that score. As for Frederick Teesdale, I know the difference between him and George Arkley, though others do not. Both my nephews, as the world thinks, have “expectations” from me; but none of my money goes to Master Fred., if I can help it. The other youth should have all—every penny; but— That's his knock at the door. Well, he shall come in. I'll tell him my occupation. He must, he shall give way!’

‘Well, uncle,’ said cheerily a man about eight-and-twenty, entering the room. ‘You didn't expect me such a night, did you? But I met Dr Bromley this afternoon, and’—

‘Bother Bromley, George; or murder him with his own lancet! I'm very glad to see you, for I was thinking of you very much as you knocked. Sit down in that easy-chair; make yourself comfortable; and before I order supper (you've had tea, of course), just let me tell you the particular matter in my mind at this moment.’

George Arkley did as he was bid, except in respect of making himself comfortable. He seemed not to like his uncle's exordium, and he fidgeted exceedingly. Sometimes you get a notion of disagreeable things at hand in a most mysterious way.

‘I said this moment, George, “Bother Bromley,” and yet I have been half-unconsciously paying heed to him. You see that paper; what do you think it is?’

‘Not the slightest idea, uncle.’

‘It's a sketch of my will. Now listen, George. When I said to myself only a quarter of an hour ago, “I'll make my will,” I thought two minutes would suffice for the work; and for all but the few last lines, those two minutes really did suffice. Now, my boy,’ continued the old gentleman, affectionately laying his hand on his nephew's shoulder, ‘I want to finish my occupation. Just a word from you (the right word, George, mind you), and the little matter belonging to me (not more than five-and-twenty thousand altogether, I am afraid)

is left, a few legacies deducted, to—whom, George?

'Uncle, I cannot, of course, mistake your meaning—you mean to me. I cannot duly appreciate your extreme kindness and liberality, although, if you'll forgive me, I would remind you that one as nearly related to you as myself claims consideration at your hands.'

'George, I shall do what I like with my own. But stay; I want that "right word" from you. Say it out now, and gladden my old heart again. It may soon cease to beat, you know, George.'

'My dear uncle,' said George Arkley, his voice trembling, 'I have a dread we are coming to a topic which has more than once caused both of us much pain, because it is just the one only subject on which we seem hopelessly disagreed.'

'Surely, my boy, not "hopelessly." You are not so fascinated with this girl as to be blind to her many defects and drawbacks. You are not prepared to say definitely "I will," in the face of the promptings of your own good sense and my most earnest entreaties, both joining in the cry "Do not." George, reflect; I entreat you to reflect. This girl Emmeline is a notorious flirt. She cares no more for you than for a dozen other men. She will take you, if she can get nobody better, and she will unceremoniously discard and laugh at you if she can.'

George hung his head. Wasn't this true? He had a sore misgiving that it was. And yet—and yet—how *could* he give her up?

'You don't know what distress you're causing me, uncle,' he moaned.

'Pshaw!' exclaimed the old gentleman. 'You're not a child, George. Men of nearly thirty seldom die of broken heart. Seriously, now, give me the pleasantest moment I have known for years, by saying you will break off this entanglement or engagement.'

George plucked up courage. He was not exactly a warrior in respect of moral firmness; he had not sustained and triumphed under many sharp tests, but he was equal to this occasion.

'It really cannot be, uncle.'

Mr Arkley's manner changed. 'Then there is another thing which cannot be, nephew. Listen!' And he read in a trembling voice what he had written. It was brief and simple. As he had said, there were a few legacies, and then all the residue, personal and real, was bequeathed to—there was only the name to be filled in.

Mr Arkley resumed his pen.

'George, once again, reflect.'

'I can make no other answer, uncle.'

Mr Arkley supplied the blank—'the County Hospital.' He turned to his nephew. 'I am sorry, but I think you had better not remain with me this evening. This has shaken me.' He held out his hand, which George Arkley took and pressed. The next minute the uncle was alone.

Do you ever wake up in the middle of the night, reader, when, in dreadful array, there seem

to come before you all things in your past and present life which can reproach you and make you unhappy and uncomfortable? Most people are now and then thus assailed, and on the night of which we speak Mr Arkley had a fit of this kind. He quailed and gasped under it; he felt as though his last moment drew near, and yet it could not be faced. With him, as with most of us, there were many reasons why, alas! but with him there was an especial reason: he had done a very arbitrary, unkind act only a few hours ago. Thank Heaven, it could be undone; that error, at all events, was not irretrievable. He rose, lighted his lamp, tremblingly drew forth the draft-will which he had placed in a drawer in his bedroom, and in another minute a great black line was dashed through 'County Hospital,' and 'George Arkley' substituted.

## CHAPTER II.

Another evening, a week on, Mr Arkley again sat in his dining-room. He had been busy fair-copying the draft-will. He disliked sending it to his lawyer with the double erasure; so, in a formal, almost schoolboy hand, he had copied it on foolscap paper, with a great margin, and was looking placidly at his work.

'It shall stand,' he said to himself; 'but George shall know nothing about it till I am dead. It'll move him a little, I think, then to find how much I loved him, that not all his obstinacy could occasion more than passing irritation, far less make me utterly turn from him.—What! Frederick—you here! Why, I did not know you were in the house!'

A tall young man, rather good-looking, but with much of conceit in his air, and plenty of the dandy in his dress, was extending his hand.

'Didn't you, uncle? Well, I don't make much noise in the world, I know. I heard you were ill. Are you better?'

'That was a week ago,' answered the old gentleman rather testily. 'I am very well now.'

'Hard at work so late, uncle?' resumed the nephew, looking with apparent carelessness, but really with sharp curiosity, at the papers on the table.

'I am almost as fond of work as you are of play,' was the somewhat ungracious reply of Mr Arkley, as he hastily folded up the documents, and placed them aside.

How Mr Frederick Teesdale longed to seize them! Not that he had much hope of benefit from their contents; he had caught the nature of the writing, however, and he was eager to be satisfied. His uncle clearly did not want him to remain, but he was not going just yet. Without invitation, he took a chair, and forced his uncle into conversation upon all sorts of topics until Mr Arkley was quite exhausted. Supper was ordered, and partaken of by both uncle and nephew. In spite of himself, Mr Arkley grew more genial. Frederick Teesdale was not without skill in conversation,

and he plied his relative with all he could think of which was likely to amuse and exhilarate him. Mr Arkley displayed the partial success of his efforts in freely discussing several matters of interest to him, and in joining more readily than prudence warranted in a bottle of old port, a great treat to him, but strictly interdicted by the terrible Bromley.

Was that twelve o'clock striking? Dear me, the time had passed quickly! Here was the evening gone, and his letters for the post had not been despatched! Mr Arkley rose hastily; his hand was on the bell-handle, when he staggered and fell. I do not wish to be uncharitable, but I believe young Teesdale muttered something like: 'Just what I expected.' Certainly, he shewed no surprise, but caught his uncle ere he quite reached the ground, and placed him quickly in a chair. What did he do then? Pull the bell, summon assistance, send for a doctor? O dear, no! Sagacious men take things quietly. This was an occasion to be improved. Mr Arkley was in a fit, and quite insensible; Teesdale made sure of that. Then turning to the still unsealed letters, he selected one in a large envelope, addressed 'Tompkins and Sharpe,' and drew forth its contents. They were, first, a brief note stating that he (Mr Arkley) enclosed a draft of his will for engrossment and return to him for his signature, as soon as possible; and secondly, the will itself.

At this latter document, Frederick Teesdale stared in rueful amazement. This was far worse than he expected. Not a farthing!—all, save a hundred or two, to his detested cousin! Yes, there was no getting over the fact, and Teesdale looked at the poor old gentleman in the chair, and felt half inclined to complete the work the fit had begun. There were very cogent reasons why this will should not be made, if it were possible to prevent it. How about those dreadful debts? How about Emmeline Waveley, whom that idiot, George Arkley, was in love with, but who loved him (Master Frederick) with all the sincerity (such as it was) she could muster? She had no fancy for love in a cottage, unless it were a very pretty and luxurious one—that he well knew. Some step must be taken, and at once; but what? Should he destroy the draft and the letter? If his uncle died intestate, what would be the result? Teesdale was no lawyer, and he did not know. And then his uncle (who, doubtless, would rally from his present seizure, as he had rallied before) would probably recollect his evening's work, and make inquiry about it, which would be awkward. Still, something must be done. The estimable young man looked fixedly at his uncle, and then at the draft. He hastily formed his conclusion. His relative might indeed rally to an extent, but he would be a wreck, a shadow. He might remember something about the will, and even ask after it, and have it read over to him, and, with effort, attach his signature; but it was extremely improbable he would be able to take it in his own hands, and deliberately peruse it. Now, if events should take this course, he (Teesdale) saw his way

clearly enough. He knew the office arrangements of Tompkins and Sharpe (as will subsequently appear), and they would fit in admirably with the design he at once formed. The will *must be altered*, but to the smallest possible extent as regarded the words, though very importantly as regarded the substance. He again scrutinised the draft. The handwriting, as we have said, was large and school-boy like; and there was a great margin at the top of the paper. Good! Nothing could be easier than what he proposed to himself. He knew pretty well what Mr Arkley was worth; it was a subject well conned. A few imitations of his uncle's writing on a rough piece of paper answered capitally. Now for it. Humph! The little atmosphere of doubt, the rather disagreeable contingencies, surrounding the transaction, staggered him for a moment; but, nonsense! the plunge must be made; and so it was. A few words at the commencement quickly caused a most marvellous alteration in the effect of the will. The document had begun, as before stated, with sundry small bequests, and had terminated with leaving all the residue to George Arkley. Now, the will led off as follows: 'I give to my nephew, Frederick Teesdale, twenty thousand pounds.'

This ingenious feat accomplished, Mr Teesdale rang the bell. Mr Arkley was carried to bed, and Dr Bromley was sent for.

'As you come back, James, you may as well put your master's letters in the post;' and the servant took the letters, and posted them accordingly.

Dr Bromley arrived, and surveyed his patient. Having heard all the details of the seizure, the doctor pondered briefly, and then said very slowly: 'We have had a fit.'

'Of the old kind, doctor?' inquired Teesdale.

'I should say so, Mr Teesdale,' was the reply.

'Is there danger?'

'My dear sir,' answered Dr Bromley impressively, 'in a case of complicated disorder like your uncle's, there is always danger. There is danger from the disease, and there is danger from—from—the—'

'The treatment, doctor?'

'Well, eh—well, yes, I may admit—from the treatment; but I think if you will promise I shall have the case entirely to myself, you need not fear the result.'

'Oh, I apprehend no one will interfere, though, perhaps, my cousin may wish Dr Javers to confer with you.'

'Ah, there is the evil, Mr Teesdale,' said the doctor vivaciously. 'Now, just listen about a case I had with Dr Javers. We consulted, and we agreed the patient had diseased heart and lungs. Dr Javers thought the heart needed most attention; I, the lungs. After much controversy, we decided each to pursue his own course; so the doctor prescribed for the heart, and I for the lungs.'

'And the result, doctor?'

'The patient died. Could you wonder?'

'No; I scarcely could,' replied Teesdale, smiling.

'Well, then, I had another case,' continued Dr Bromley, 'also with Dr Javers; and warned by the result of the previous one, I was determined, when I found there was a similar complication, not to give way. Well, I don't mind confessing to you, that, beyond giving a little soothing medicine, we literally did nothing. We met day after day for well nigh a fortnight; we argued and discussed

the case in every point of view, but no sort of treatment was adopted. I must own I am ashamed to tell you the story. Think of the poor patient being left to himself all that time !

'Very distressing. He died, of course ?'

'Well, no ; he recovered. But that wasn't the end of the case, for he had just got well, when we at last settled on a mode of fortifying him for the future against all such attacks, and we made up for lost time.'

'That was something. Better late than never.'

'Yes ; but the poor man's constitution was gone, and could not be restored. He was thoroughly well when we commenced, but he died very soon afterwards.'

'I will acquaint Mr George Arkley, doctor,' said Teesdale, who was getting tired ; 'and please do not leave my uncle to-night. I will come early in the morning.'

Frederick Teesdale did not go straight to his lodgings. He was a little flushed and excited, owing partly to the port wine, and more to something else. He went westward, and called at a house of moderate dimensions near one of the squares. Here lived Miss Emmeline Waveley, under the care of an aunt.

Late as it was, the young lady was visible. She had just returned from a dinner-party, and was in full attire. Teesdale greeted her, but was met with marked coldness.

'Have I offended you, Emmeline ?'

'I don't know why you should ask such a question, Mr Teesdale.'

No wonder Frederick stared in amazement. This the young lady, who, behind the world's back, had behaved towards him with rather startling freedom ! What had come over her now ?

'I think I have a right to ask the question,' he answered hotly.

'Then I am sure you have none ; and as it is very late, you will excuse my retiring,' and Miss Emmeline moved to leave the room.

'What sort of caprice is this, Miss Waveley ? Whom have you found at the party I presume you have just left, to instigate you to treat me in this fashion ?'

'Mr Teesdale, you can insult me, of course, if you like ; there is no gentleman in the house to help me. But I tell you again, I am leaving the room.'

'You must be mad,' exclaimed Frederick, as much astonished as enraged. 'Do you think I shall quietly put up with this ? Are you prepared for the story of our intimacy being published half the world over by to-morrow night ?'

Miss Emmeline's eyes glistened.

'You threaten me,' she said. 'It is manly of you ; it is consistent with the character you bear !'

'I know some one has been at work against me to-night !' exclaimed her puzzled and irate suitor. 'I have it !' he cried, flushing to the eyes with passion. 'You have been dining at Stanley's, and you have been with George Arkley.'

'I shall not answer you. Will you be sufficiently a gentleman to leave the house ?'

'Certainly, I will leave the house. But one word before I go ;' and he stole to her side, and whispered in her ear. The shot told, whatever it was, for Miss Emmeline had nothing to deliver in return, and her face whitened in ghastly fashion.

Out strode Frederick Teesdale. 'And it was

mainly to secure this girl that I have done an act to-night which might—ah !' He stopped short. He did not care to conjecture the possible consequences of discovery.

### S O D A.

ONE of the chemical discoveries of the present century, the applications of which are the most varied, and the history of which is the least known, is the manufacture of soda. It is a metallic oxide—that is to say, the combination of a metal with oxygen. Like potash, with which it has many affinities and many common uses, it belongs to what the Arabs called, in the ninth century, *alkalies*—a name which, as well as alchemy, has been adopted in most European laboratories. It has a strong affinity for acids, and combines with them to form various salts. This property is made use of in trades of various kinds, as, for instance, in scouring cloths that must be freed from greasy matters, and also in the manufacture of soap. The real composition of alkalies was entirely unknown to the old alchemists. They, however, got so far as to obtain many alkaline salts, and their probable application was also perceived. It was thus that potash combined with nitric acid gave saltpetre, one of the ingredients of gunpowder. Albertus Magnus indicated this in 1225, calling nitric acid dissolving water. He gave lectures in Paris on these subjects with such success that the hall where he taught became too small for his numerous audience, and he continued his lessons in the open air, in a square which took his name, Magni Alberti, now corrupted into the Place Maubert. In order to shew the present value of soda in commercial matters, it may be well to describe the share it takes in the manufacture of soap and glass alone.

We owe the largely increased use of soap in the west to the period of Louis XIV., when Colbert imported the manufacture of it from Savona to Provence, where he founded large and very flourishing establishments. This white and marbled soap has not even yet lost its superiority, and still occupies a first place among similar products of other nations. It is made by combining soda with the acid fat of olive oil. Every one knows the multiplied uses of soap ; besides its domestic value, it is indispensable to bleaching, the dressing of stuffs, dyeing, printing woven materials, and many other departments of trade. The glass manufactories also consume an immense quantity of soda. Glass is composed of flint and different alkaline bases, such as potash, soda, lime, and barytes. Certain mineral oxides give it a variety of colour, sometimes of a very undesirable kind. Should the paste contain traces of iron, instead of producing white glass, there will be only the common bottle-glass ; and if the iron be in larger proportions, the dark-green shade will be the result. On the contrary, add a certain quantity of oxide of lead to a pure base of potash, and the beautiful crystal glass is formed ; a still larger dose, and the diamond paste, with its wonderfully dispersive power, will deceive many an



unpractised eye. Between these extremes, the dull bottle and the many-sided crystal, there is the window-glass, which adds so much to the comfort and health of our houses; the gorgeous looking-glasses to adorn our drawing-rooms, the rich decorations for the dining-table, the crystal pendants of our gasaliers, and many other objects which satisfy our commonest necessities, and minister to the highest taste or luxury.

The two alkalies, soda and potash, have been obtained from time immemorial, either by collecting natron, as it was formerly named, during the evaporation of alkaline waters in shallow lakes, or by burning plants which grew on the sea-shore, and gathering up the alkali contained in the ashes. There are lakes formed, as it were, of crystallised carbonate of soda; such is Lake Natrum in Egypt, from which is derived the term natron; and others in Hungary, Russia, India, Tibet, and Peru. If vegetables have grown beside the coast, soda is predominant in the ashes; if, on the contrary, they flourished inland, potash is found almost alone. The ashes are washed, and the water dissolving the alkalies may be used at once for any cleansing process; or, after filtering and evaporating, it may be collected in compact or granulated masses, white, red, or bluish. These rough lumps were known in commerce as soda of Alicant, Teneriffe, Spain, or Narbonne. There was still a third method of obtaining it—not from plants growing on the sea-shore, but really in the bed of the ocean, such as sea-weeds; from which a result was obtained very poor in soda, but rich in saline composition, and useful in the manufacture of glass, where a variety of salts mixed with the molten fluid was highly favourable.

Such was the state of the market for soda when the French Revolution broke out, and France, placed under the ban of a European coalition, saw many sources of her national wealth dried up. Not only was soda interdicted, but various chemical compounds useful for manufactures, and all those which were indispensable for the engines of war, such as saltpetre and sulphur. The fabrication of artificial soda is one of the most important and beautiful discoveries of this period, so fruitful in chemical invention; such an abundance was supplied, that it was used in many cases where potash had hitherto been necessary, and thus the latter could be reserved for gunpowder alone. A commission of savants was appointed, and they were not long in finding the right man, who had devoted half a century to such researches—Nicholas Leblanc, whose manner of proceeding has survived to the present day without any particular change; and we give, after authentic documents, a short sketch of the inventor and the invention.

Leblanc had been formerly an officer of health, a chemist, and a member of several learned societies; he was well known by his works on crystallisation, and had discovered a method of obtaining isolated and complete crystals, which could be increased at will, by placing in certain conditions. He was also the first to observe that many sulphates crystallised in the same way, and might be superposed on each other in crystals of similar form: this was the step which led other learned men to the new theory of isomorphism. At the request of the government, in 1792, he began a manufactory, and the Duke of Orleans entering into the scheme, found the

necessary capital. The works were established at St-Denis, and for two years were in full activity, with every prospect of success, when an unexpected catastrophe ruined all the hopes of Leblanc. The death of the Duke of Orleans, and the strict sequestration of his estate, deprived the partnership of the indispensable funds; there followed a disastrous liquidation; the utensils, materials, and products already obtained, were sold by auction; the ruin of the establishment was complete; and the patent granted by government having returned into its hands, the inventor saw himself deprived of his privilege, whilst the commission had made known its smallest details. It is curious to note that he considered his manufacture of soda a thing of no account, but rested all his hopes of fame and profit on his collection of crystals; he relates the patient labour of twenty years in his book, but a short note contains the two years' work at the St-Denis establishment. He was more of a savant than a manufacturer, and the author of one of the greatest of modern chemical inventions died poor in 1806.

The want of success in this undertaking did not hinder others from prosecuting the work; there was the same necessity as before for the production of soda, and now that the discovery had been made that it could be obtained from sea-salt, there was no fear of foreign intervention. The armies of Europe could not prevent the waves of the Atlantic and Mediterranean washing the shores of France, and bringing the salt water, which, when evaporated, gave the necessary material, so that any quantity of soda could be made. Several chemists set to work; the one who took up Leblanc's system in full was M. Payen, who established a manufactory in the then deserted plain of Grenelle, and others were placed nearer the sea-coast, at Marseille, Chauny, and Rouen. In a very few years, so much was produced, that the importation of soda into the French market was strictly forbidden, according to the protectionist ideas of the period. England, at this time, was prevented from adopting the new trade by the enormous duty laid upon salt by the government; and it was not until 1823 that Mr Muspratt established a manufactory of soda near Liverpool, which is still one of the largest chemical works in this country, perhaps in the world.

It only remains to shew the process by which Leblanc carried out his ideas, using as few technical terms as may be, so as to bring it within the understanding of the general reader. It will be seen what difficulties he had to contend against, what other chemical products were brought to light during the operations, and what close relations exist between this and many other articles of trade.

When marine salt is acted upon by sulphuric acid, an acid gas is thrown off, and sulphate of soda remains. In the time of Leblanc, chemists were ignorant of the composition of the gas which escapes, and gave it the name, for want of a better, of muriatic acid; and marine salt was supposed to be a composition of this acid and soda, which was an error. In the present day, it is known that marine salt is composed only of soda and chlorine, and that muriatic acid consists of hydrogen and chlorine. Neither Leblanc nor his companions suspected the real case, that sulphuric acid could have no power over salt without the intervention of water. It is this simple agent, which, by decomposing, furnishes oxygen for the sodium, and

hydrogen for the chlorine, giving, as a result, the soda, which combines with the sulphuric acid and a gas which flies off, now called, to adopt the more exact names of the new system, hydrochloric acid. Without water there could be no reaction; happily, it was always present in the sulphuric acid that was employed, and consequently this error in theory had no influence over the result in action. We have now reached the point of obtaining sulphate of soda: to obtain the common soda, it is necessary to divide it from the sulphuric acid, which was altogether Leblanc's discovery. Most chemists proposed a solution of this difficult question by heating it with various bodies; he laid his hand upon the one which gave the best results—chalk or carbonate of chalk and charcoal. It is singular that he did not even know the exact theory of the reaction this produces, which later chemists have fully defined; but his instinct was so sure, his first experiments were conducted with such accuracy, and the quantities were so irreproachably defined, that later years have in no degree changed the manufacturing process which Leblanc first laid down. First came the decomposition of marine salt by sulphuric acid, then the decomposition of sulphate of soda by the heated kiln, and the washing of the rough soda on the floor of the kiln.

From the first of these operations, one of the most important articles in modern industrial occupation intervenes—that of sulphuric acid. In a few years, a way of making it in large quantities was discovered, and going side by side with soda, of which it was the issue, the face of all chemical operations was changed. It is by the help of it, that, directly or indirectly, chemists are enabled to extract from the different salts the greater part of the acids used in laboratories and in the arts. Thanks to it, hydrochloric acid has been economically obtained, which has rendered such service in paper-making, bleaching, dyeing of stuffs, also serving for the preparation of gelatine, of ammoniacal salts, and of disinfectants. Next is carbonic acid, which is used in the manufacture of soda-water and all effervescent drinks, in the extraction of sugar from beet-root, and the fabrication of alkaline bicarbonates; and, last of all, is azotic acid, the most powerful agent of oxidation, which dissolves all metals, even gold and platinum, when united to hydrochloric acid, and is indispensable to the workers in metals. By sulphuric acid, phosphates are transformed into powerful manures; sulphates of aluminium, of potash, of magnesia, of ammonia and iron, are economically obtained, with many other important applications in agriculture, medicine, and domestic economy. The production of electric currents, of electro-chemical gilding and plating, the refining of gold and silver, the making of stearine candles, the purification of colza and other oils, the dissolution of indigo, are some among many other branches of trade which could not be carried on without sulphuric acid; and its being manufactured in such large quantities is entirely owing to the soda-works.

One of the most serious embarrassments arose from the immense quantity of hydrochloric acid which was poured out from the soda-works in the form of gas. It was condensed as much as possible by passing it through a series of vessels full of water, thus obtaining acid dissolutions, which had a certain value, but more was produced than could

be disposed of. Besides, much escaped into the atmosphere in the shape of corrosive acid vapour, which attacked the iron parts of buildings, dried up the leaves of the trees, and exercised a most pernicious influence on the health of the surrounding neighbourhood. The winds carried it away to great distances, and the effects were perceptible miles away. The proprietors had to pay heavy damages; and it became a matter of existence or non-existence to the soda-works to find a means of condensing and collecting this deleterious acid. All these difficulties have been surmounted; and, as it has often happened in chemistry, each has become the means of fresh progress. One of the most curious plans tried to purify the air was to build the works near to old abandoned quarries, and burying the inconvenient vapours in their depths; but the acid, penetrating the stone, rendered it moist and friable, so that portions fell, and houses built in the neighbourhood were rendered unsafe. Two different arrangements are now adopted, both succeeding perfectly. One is to pass the gas through many hundreds of stone bottles, communicating with each other through well-luted tubes; a current of water is driven through them in an opposite way to the gas, and the smallest portion of hydrochloric acid is thus dissolved. Another plan is what is called the absorbing cascade; a high wide tower is built of flint stones, the interior of which is filled with coke, fragments of flint, or bricks set apart; the gas is introduced at the base, and before it can escape, it has to pass through all the interstices of these hard materials. From above, a fine rain of water is continually falling, and, meeting the gas at every angle, retards its progress, and absorbs the acid.

The artificial soda differed much from the appearance of the natural soda, to which the eye was accustomed; thus the new production excited great distrust; the washerwomen especially refused to use it, saying that it burned the linen. Whether true or not, it led to a very valuable discovery, by which, through the aid of a simple process, the exact amount of potash and soda contained in the lump can be accurately defined. Henceforward, the relations between producers and consumers rested on a certain basis, whilst previously some amount of subterfuge had been resorted to, innocent in its way, and rather ingenious, as the following illustration will shew. Among all the foreign alkalies which commanded the exclusive confidence of certain consumers, there was one, the red potash of America, which enjoyed an unexceptional favour. Rather unexpectedly, the announcement was made that several packages of the much-desired product had arrived, and the fact seemed to be well established. The barrels which held it were of the well-known wood, the staves strongly bound, and when a barrel was opened there were the same large, angular lumps, rather red in colour, betraying their origin by the caustic flavour when touched by the tongue. It was immediately bought up, and used in various ways with perfect success, like the best quality of American potash. From this time there were regular arrivals of the same article, and not a complaint was heard. They were, however, manufactured at Vaugirard, near to Paris, by weakening the artificial soda, the colour being due to the addition of sulphate of

copper, and the angular appearance was obtained by melting and breaking it into fragments, after allowing it to cool. Thus the obstinate consumers had forced a manufacturer to exert his imagination in order to sell them French soda, instead of American, at the price of a hundred and thirty francs, when it was only worth eighty francs.

A few words in conclusion as to the salt-works on the shores of the Mediterranean may not be uninteresting, as they form the groundwork from which the manufacture of soda springs. The water from the sea is brought during the summer months into large basins, where it clears and concentrates its quality by evaporation, until the time arrives when it is *saturated*—that is, when it contains the largest quantity of salt that the water can keep in a state of dissolution. There is a curious phenomenon connected with this period: the surface of the water acquires a red tint, and exhales the odour of violets, which is thus accounted for. Many small organic beings, such as the little crustaceous branchiopods and a globular microscopic vegetable, both of a red colour, for the crustacean feeds on the latter, and, its body being transparent, the colour of the food it swallows is visible, live in the salt water. As the evaporation proceeds, the density of the water in which they move increases; and the time comes when it is so considerable that they can no longer live in it, but rise to the surface like a thin tissue spread over the liquid, and form a rosy and perfumed bed. Then the workmen say: 'The basin will now yield its salt.' Many other matters are deposited besides the salt, such as salt of magnesia, chalk, sodium, iron. When the early attempts were made, the existence of iodine and bromine were altogether unknown articles in chemistry; they have both played an important part in the progress of photography.

There was one drawback to the success of these salt-works, which has been removed during the past few years: the evaporation being due to the season of the year, a warm or a cold summer made the greatest difference, and long periods of rest often hindered the workmen. It is well known that heat is but a modification of force; and, wherever a machine can be worked, there is a source of heat; and, by means of appliances not difficult to modern mechanics, it can be transformed into a source of cold. When the question arose how the salt-pits could be regulated in these respects, it was known that powerful steam-engines of more than a hundred horse-power were used in India for the making of ice. In the London Exhibition of 1862, an economical and elegant machine of this kind was exhibited: this, on a larger scale, was immediately employed, and the temperature can now be lowered at the right moment for the production of sulphate of soda. Perhaps, in future days, the manufacture of soda may be no longer necessary, for an immense subterranean deposit, rich in saline particles, similar to those of the salt marshes, has been discovered in Germany, near to Magdeburg—a stratified mass slowly formed by the sea in past geologic ages, and buried in the bowels of the earth by the accumulation of later formations. It was discovered in 1860; and the place, little known before, has attracted many visitors interested in the subject. The barbarous proceedings which were long used to prepare this alkali—the

burning down of forests, which were rapidly being exhausted in Germany, Russia, America, and Tuscany, are no longer necessary; and the supply of soda, either from the waves of the sea or the mines of Germany, appears to be inexhaustible.

## CECIL'S TRYST.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—AT LAST.

By the first train next morning, my aunt and I, and Eleanor—for my wife insisted on accompanying us, in hopes to be of some comfort to my wretched, forlorn cousin—went down to Swanby. It was a seaside place of growing repute, with a gigantic hotel, started by one Limited Company (all ruined), and purchased by another, to whom it paid ten per cent. and a bonus—a palace in appearance, and for three months in the year, at least, as full of tenants as a barrack. 'There was no sitting-room at present disengaged,' said the lady-manager, in answer to our inquiry; 'but there would be one vacant for certain the next day. In the meantime, we could use the ladies' coffee-room.'

There was an air of embarrassment in the woman's reply, I noticed, but I set it down to some doubt in her own mind of whether the promised apartment would really be disengaged.

In the coffee-room, which was of immense size, it also struck me, as such trifles do strike one, no matter how the mind be occupied with serious matters, that the waiters hung about in groups, and whispered together to an extent which greatly interfered with the practice of their profession.

We ordered some refreshment, and whilst it was getting ready, I inquired of one of them, as carelessly as I could, whether a gentleman of the name of Wray was still stopping at the hotel.

'Mr Wray, sir? Do you mean Mr Cecil Wray? Are you any relative of his, sir?' asked the waiter mysteriously.

'Yes,' said I. 'Why do you ask? What is the matter? He is not ill, I hope!'

'No, sir, no,' answered the man nervously. 'I'll tell the head waiter, sir.'

And before I could stop him, and inquire the meaning of his strange conduct, he had left the room to summon his chief. The head waiter was a portly man, with even a graver air than is customary with such important functionaries, and he moved like a monarch at his own coronation. Before he could get across the room to us, his progress was arrested by a fussy little gentleman at a neighbouring table. 'Waiter, head waiter,' cried he, 'what is all this I hear? No one will give me a direct answer, and I insist upon one.'

The head waiter stopped, and stooped to whisper something, of which I could only catch the words, 'quite unnecessary,' and 'not infectious'; and the fussy little man nodded his head a great many times, and looked appeased. Then the other resumed his stately progress.

'Were you asking for Mr Cecil Wray, sir?'

'I was asking whether he was at the hotel?' said I.

'Why, yes, sir, yes, he is,' answered the man in a confidential tone. 'Would you please to walk this way?'—and he motioned towards the door.

'Well,' said I, turning doubtfully towards the ladies, 'perhaps it will be as well if I went first.'

'You had better leave the ladies here,' whispered

the man behind his hand. So I accompanied him alone.

'If Mr Wray is any friend of yours, sir, I am afraid I have bad news for you,' said he, as we left the room.

'He has not met with any accident, I trust?' said I, not knowing what to say, but on my guard not to appear to anticipate any catastrophe.

'No, sir, no. This is his sitting-room, No. 18;' and he stopped at the door so numbered, and produced a key.

'Is he here?' inquired I, unconsciously using the same sick-room whisper in which my companion spoke, and full of dire forebodings.

'No, sir. You can come in. They took him upstairs at once.'

The room was empty, but shewed signs of recent occupation; on the floor were strewn some fragments of letters torn in very small pieces, and on the table was the old desk I knew so well, but closed and locked.

'What has happened, man?' said I, in a fever of impatience. 'Tell me the worst.'

'Well, sir, your friend was taken ill this morning on a sudden—just after his letters had been taken in to him at breakfast—yes, sir, that's the truth. He's dead; and we've locked the room up, just as it is, in case there should need to be a crowner's 'quest.—Take a glass of water, sir.'

From a carafe upon the sideboard he poured out some water in a tumbler that stood by it.

'One moment,' said I, as I held it in my hand untasted. 'I am Mr Wray's cousin, and sole relative, and this news has been too much for me. Is the doctor who attended him in the house at present?'

'Yes, sir. I'll fetch him at once. Keep up your spirits, sir, pray, do.'

I am sure the good man was apprehensive of a second catastrophe in No. 18, with such unwonted quickness did he start upon his errand.

No sooner was I left alone, than I emptied the tumbler behind the grate, wiped it thoroughly with my handkerchief, and refilled it from the carafe. In the water I had thrown away I had at once detected the smell of prussic acid. I had hardly satisfied myself, by a hasty glance around the room, that there was no other object of suspicion, before the waiter reappeared, with a tall gentleman in black, whom he introduced as Dr Fullam.

'A sad case this of your poor relative's,' were his first words, when we were left alone together.

'A most distressing one, doctor,' said I; 'indeed, the news I have just heard has shocked me beyond measure.'

'Very naturally, very reasonably. I have just been telling the proprietor of the hotel (who, of course, is anxious that there should be no unnecessary to-do about this unfortunate matter) that I have no doubt in my own mind that it was the heart. Have you any cause for suspecting that your relative was suffering from any nervous depression? Could any news have arrived, think you?—and he looked down at the scraps of paper—'likely to give him a sudden shock?'

'Yes,' said I; 'I think it extremely probable.'

'Very good. That corroborates my view, you see. It is most important—for the proprietor's sake, as well as your own—that no unnecessary stir, such as an inquest would infallibly make, should

happen. I have no doubt about its being the heart.'

I nodded, unwilling to trust myself to speak.

'Do you wish to see the body?'

'No,' said I; 'unless it is absolutely necessary for the sake of identification.'

'You can satisfy me of that, sir, by word of mouth,' said the doctor, sinking his voice to a whisper. 'I said it was a sad case; let me now add that it is a very strange one. The name of Cecil is one common to both sexes. Do you understand me?'

'Perfectly,' said I, with significance. 'I am very far from wishing you to do anything contrary to the law, or your own conscience, but if you can manage matters so as to prevent idle talk, you would be conferring a great personal obligation.'

'I will do my best, sir,' said the doctor thoughtfully; 'at all events, there need be no further inquiry as to the cause of death. The proprietors are naturally desirous to avoid publicity.'

Whether Dr Fullam was himself a shareholder in the hotel company, or only physician in ordinary to the establishment, I never knew, but his services were of the utmost value to us. I revealed to him the whole circumstances of the case—with the exception of what I had detected in the tumbler: they were corroborated, for his satisfaction, by the respectable Mr Clote of Lincoln's Inn, and my poor cousin's burial was effected without public scandal.

To stop idle talk, however, was a much more difficult matter. The secret of the sex of the deceased had of necessity to be confided to other and less discreet persons than Dr Fullam, and eventually it oozed out, and even became a topic for the newspapers.

Those portions of the story, however, which it was most important at that time to keep concealed, remained untold. They are told now, when their revelation can effect no harm, in such a manner as only to inform those very few whom they concern, not others. To the world at large, this 'o'er true narrative' will have no personal application, and seem but a curious episode in human life, to be read, and then forgotten.

To those three persons, however, whose names have been most frequently mentioned in this history, the mutual relation between Jane and her brother affords a topic of lasting interest.

Aunt Ben is disposed to think that the love that was certainly shared between them was very unequally distributed; that Jane's love for Cecil was never so great as his for her, and infinitely less than her love for herself. If she had really loved him (argues my aunt), and notwithstanding the devotion manifested by the great personal risk she ran in the commission of that awful crime at Gatcombe for his sake, it is quite impossible she could have behaved in such a shameful and irreverent manner towards him, for his mere money, after death.

My wife, on her part, acquits her of all sordid motives, and is of opinion that though Jane loved her brother dearly, she loved somebody else even better; and that to that misplaced affection her fraudulent impersonation of Cecil was wholly due.

As for me, I strive to see in the character of my unhappy kinswoman an extreme example of that large class of persons who possess affections running



fiercely (in her case, uncontrollably), but only in a few channels; never overflowing their narrow banks to fertilise a neighbour field, or even so much as to lay the dust upon the Common Road. Such persons may be good husbands, fathers, brothers, but must needs be bad citizens (in a social sense), and hardly deserve the name of fellow-men. They are so wholly devoid of human sympathy, that they have none even for those they love. They love in their own way, it is true, but imperiously, despotically, and without commiseration. What pity, then, can such persons be expected to shew towards those who dare to interfere between them and the objects of their love? Very great personages, such as emperors and the like, have been known to sweep from the face of the earth those, otherwise innocent, who have ventured to cross them (for which they are rather applauded than otherwise by that great section of humanity who are always ready to kiss 'the strong hand,' even when it is dripping with blood), and such imperial instincts are sometimes found in those who, unhappily for themselves, do not chance to have been born in the purple. The difference between a monarch of inflexible will and 'a determined ruffian' lies only in the fact that the one has been brought up at a court, the other at a police court; and yet how very seldom is it that kings are taught that they have 'cricks in their necks.'

I look upon Cousin Jane as on a half-mad Czar Peter, shrewd, unprincipled, egotistic, passionate, revengeful. In the eye of justice, she was, of course, but a common criminal, or, if you will, a criminal above the common, since her temptation was comparatively small. I have no sort of mitigation or apology to offer for her. 'It is no excuse,' as I allow to Nelly when we argue upon this matter, 'to say that every individual who sacrifices the interests of another to his own, or makes them of no account in his own mind, because he chances to be wiser or richer, commits the same crime (except in degree) as Jane did when she bribed Batty to remove the props of safety from Richard Waller's pit. It is no excuse to say that every man who makes a spiteful or unjust will commits the same crime (except in degree) as Jane did when she fraudulently personated her dead brother. It is no excuse.'

'There is no excuse at all, dear Fred,' says Nelly, interrupting me with tenderness; 'but there is excuse for you for trying to find some palliation for her conduct. I sometimes think if it had not been for me—if you could have returned poor Jane's affection for you from the first, that her heart might have opened like a flower to the sun, and her life been altogether different.'

Aunt Ben shakes her gray head at this.

'Jane would have been Jane,' says she, 'under all circumstances. Let us remember, rather, for our consolation, how she became Jane. Neglect must have attended her from her birth—neglect of morals, of religion, and the absence of all home ties. Without mother, when a mother's care was so indispensable; and with a father who understood so little of a father's duties, is it surprising that the poor child grew up to be the woman she did! On the other hand, to be sure, dear Cecil, who had no better opportunities, was wholly different.'

So here Aunt Ben's apology breaks down like the rest, and it is a relief to turn to the subject that has been suggested by it—the consideration of

Cecil's case alone. Did he ever doubt his sister's love for him? Did he ever apprehend that she was capable of committing a crime for his sake, and out of the greatness of that love? We all agree in thinking he did not, and are glad to think so. As to his entertaining any suspicion of whose hand had bribed poor Batty, the first breath of it would, I verily believe, have slain him.

'As surely,' assents Aunt Ben gravely, 'as the knowledge that her fraud was discovered slew his unhappy sister. It was "the heart," of course, as the doctor said, but it was the shock that affected the heart.'

To this opinion I profess adhesion; for why should I tell her, or my wife, what I did not tell the doctor, respecting my poor cousin's decease? I had never in my own mind the slightest doubt of how it happened, from the moment when I put that tumbler with its faint sickly perfume to my lips; but it was not till long afterwards, that opening that same old desk of Uncle Tom's, I found corroboration of the fact. In the place the sand-caster had been wont to occupy, was a screwed-down ink-bottle that never had held ink, but a more deadly liquid, the odour of which, though empty, it had not lost, and which I did not fail to recognise. How long had that fatal draught been secreted there for the occasion that was sure to come at last? With what feelings of remorse and agony must its owner have poured it out, and then replaced the screw, and locked the desk, to spare us, if it were possible, one shame the more! What unutterable dread must have possessed that guilty breast! But let us no longer contemplate such a spectacle of despair. She has been removed from the tribunal of human opinion, and has been elsewhere condemned or pardoned. Those words of the world's great poet,

*Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all,*

which were most frequent in my dear father's mouth, seem to fall upon my ear once more in the tones I loved so well:

*Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all;*

*Close up her eyes, and draw the curtain close.*

If Jane had ever written a Confession intended for other eyes than her own (as I believe she had), she had destroyed it. Not a scrap of writing was discovered among her possessions, except some letters of my own to Cecil, and those that I had written to herself, in the belief that I was addressing her brother. Since Ruth had discovered her secret, she did not perhaps deem it necessary to reveal it in her own hand.

To Ruth we all naturally felt indebted, who had certainly done her best—in very difficult circumstances, and at the sacrifice of her own feelings—both for us and for Jane. Even Aunt Ben owned this, and offered no opposition when I expressed my hope that for the future Miss Brabant would be received with welcome at our house. When, therefore, I wrote to tell her of Jane's decease, I enclosed to her a letter from Eleanor, regretting the estrangement that had taken place between them since the old Gatcombe days, and begging as a favour (for she did not pretend to disguise that Ruth had cause for resentment) that their intimacy should be renewed. The reply to this appeal was not direct, but contained in a communication to myself, chiefly about poor Jane. 'I

thank your dear wife,' it ran, 'for holding out her pure hand' to me so cordially. Do not let her imagine that it is her own fault that the offer of such friendship comes *too late*.'

To me these words had a very sad significance, and I almost feared to set them before Aunt Ben, lest she should express some triumph in the accuracy of her prudent foresight. 'Did not I always tell you,' &c. 'Perhaps you will believe me another time.' But in this I did that excellent soul a grievous wrong. She made no comment at the time, but the very next afternoon took Eleanor with her upon an errand which, although bootless, did her infinite credit.

A few months ago, when Ruth was still nourishing an honest love, it might have borne good fruit: to have had such women as Aunt Ben and Nelly about her *then*, would doubtless have been a priceless benefit; but now it was, as poor Ruth had said, 'too late'; she had closed our door against her, as it were, with her own hands.

I know, though she has never owned it, that Aunt Ben blames her own past conduct in this matter severely, and her prejudices generally have in consequence received a shock, which renders them less solid and 'four square' to the assaults of reason. To our loving hearts, there seems to us no room in her for other improvement. She continues to reside with us as of old, and though she unnaturally forsakes her own flesh and blood in the person of her nephew, and habitually takes Nelly's part against me in all domestic arguments, I am bound to say she is generally in the right. Another generation is springing up around us, whose affection for her bids fair to rival ours, and with whom she is 'The Great Aunt Benita' (from the Zoological Gardens), 'Big Ben,' and other absurd synonyms, which shew love unmingled with fear.

Not long after the event I have just described, Lady Repton became a widow: her lord's last words—which affected her to tears in the repetition of them—were: 'I flatter myself I have some little reputation as a philosopher.'

She lamented him with genuine sorrow; but after the due time of mourning, she discarded her widow's weeds as unbecoming, and took up her residence in London. She is very gay, and almost as much admired in the great City, though in a different way, as in her youth; but she does not fail to pay frequent visits to her old friends in Merton Square. She protests that she shall never forgive herself in having been taken in so audaciously by the false Cecil, when 'that chit of a girl, the Brabant,' detected the thing at the first glance. 'What a shocking affair, it was, my dear, from first to last!' says she; 'and yet there was some humour about it. It always reminds me of that old tale of the woman who shut herself up in the cupboard to hear the freemasons' secret. Just conceive how poor Jane would have enlightened us, had she chosen, concerning your horrid sex! And only think of the "gentlemen's stories" she must have listened to! There; don't be vexed.'

I was not vexed, for it was impossible to be so with good-natured Lady Repton; but the subject was scarcely one for mirth. We often speak of it at home, we three, as I have said, but always with bated breath: shame and sorrow encompass it.

After marriage, friendships are rarely made, or at least they are not the same as those begotten in

our youth; and Cousin Cecil was my first friend and my last. My mind recurs to the old times at Gatcombe, and paints him for me, as he was, fresh, frank, and loyal; and then, for a companion picture, mirrors the dark days in which deceit and crime made him their unconscious victim. I see his face once more, bright, blithe, and fond, as when young love first touched it; and then, uncalled for, rise those awful lineaments that lay so long beneath the snow and ice—the face with which he kept his Tryst with me.

The mere form in which death may chance to come to us is but of small account in the long reckoning of existence; but when I think upon his life, how marred it was through no fault of his own, 'the riddle of the painful earth' grows darker to me, and more than ever do I need the poet's faith that 'somehow Good will be the final goal of Ill.'

THE END.

### CHANTICLEER.

OF old, 'the proud harbinger of day' stood in such credit and renown that it was held too much honour to allow any one god to claim him for his own, and the bird was sacred alike to Apollo, to Mars, to Mercury, and to Æsculapius. Ancient philosophers extolled him as a model of valour, with whom even the lion dared not cope, for was he not the only bird that looked up to heaven with undrooping tail! A modern believer in the notion accounts for the fact differently: 'one reason is because the lion sees him commonly with his crown on his head, while princes are commonly jealous of each other. Some say, because he presumes to come into his presence booted and spurred, contrary to the law in court; but I think, rather because he meets with a tiger's heart in so weak a body.' Commenting upon the story of a lion belonging to a Bavarian prince leaping into a poultry-yard and devouring the cocks, despite of their defiant challenges, Ross said the lion must have been a mad one, as no lion in his senses would have had the courage to do such a deed. Bishop Andrews settled the question by experiment, throwing a young cock to a young lion, when he had the satisfaction of beholding the beast seize the bird in the act of crowing, and eat him up then and there; proving that if the lion did quake to hear the crowing cock, he did not let his quaking interfere with his appetite.

Chanticleer was believed capable of inspiring terror in a mightier creature than the lion, the foul fiend himself being supposed to stand in awe of his shrill clarion. Of all the hours in the year, the hour between eleven and twelve on Christmas eve was emphatically Satan's hour, when his power for evil was at its greatest; so there was reason for welcoming the bird-voice that proclaimed the dawn of Christmas-day. In Ireland, the first hearer of cock-crow on Christmas morn used to be rewarded with a cup of whiskied tea, unless the fortunate individual belonged to the softer sex, when half-a-dozen kisses were substituted for the crater. Shakspeare says:

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

As far as our knowledge goes, the poet is his own sole authority for the bird of dawning singing all night long, although the Laureate, we know, avers that at that time of year

The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn;

but the belief in the fiend-dispelling power of the cock is a very ancient one. An old hymn, translated by Bourne, says:

The wandering powers that love  
The silent darkness of the night,  
At cock-crowing give o'er to rove,  
And all in fear do take their flight.

Bourne thought the idea originated in the fact of our Saviour's birth taking place about the time of cock-crow, when the angels sang the first Christmas carol to the poor shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem; but the idea is, in truth, older than Christianity. Hebrew doctors teach that, in the beginning of the night, God causes all the gates of heaven to be shut, and guarded by silence-keeping angels, while evil spirits are allowed to roam the world, to work what woe they may. At midnight, the angels are commanded to throw open the gates; the order is heard by the cocks of earth, who clap their wings and crow, to awaken men from their slumbers; and then all wicked spirits lose their power of harming, so that wise men said: 'Blessed art thou, O God, lord of the whole world, who hast given understanding to the cock!' Once upon a time, a Devonshire squire sold his soul to the gentleman in black, and it was a part of the contract that the fiend should take possession of his skin also, after the funeral rites had been performed, one of the squire's friends undertaking to be present when he did so. When the squire died, his friend hurried to the parson for advice. The latter told him to keep his engagement, but take care to carry a cock to church with him. The night after the funeral, fiend and friend were in their places. At midnight, the devil took the corpse from the coffin, and flayed it, remarking, as he held his customer's skin up before him, that it was not worth fetching, being full of holes! Upon this, the cock crew, much to Satan's dismay, for, turning to his trembling companion, he exclaimed: 'If it had not been for that bird under your arm, I would have had your skin too!' The supposed antipathy between the arch-fiend and the cock accounts for would-be propitiators of the Prince of Darkness sacrificing cocks to him, a crime of which a woman was accused in Ireland five centuries ago, and which is to this day in vogue with the Buddhists of Ceylon and the low castes of Southern India.

Had the two brave birds, so intent upon settling their differences and each other that they did not

let the appearance of the Athenian army interrupt them, been as far-seeing as they were brave, they would possibly have displayed more discretion and less valour; for their indomitable pluck not only afforded Themistocles an opportunity for urging his men to do likewise, but incited him, when victory crowned his arms, to decree his triumph should be kept in remembrance by an annual cock-fight. So kindly did the Greeks take to the new sport, that city vied with city for the honours of the cockpit; the citizens of Rhodes and Tanagra were especially successful, and it is solemnly recorded that the feathered champions of those places shed lustre upon them by their achievements. Pliny believed fighting to be the mission of the trumpeters of morn; he says, the birds are well aware they have weapons on their legs made for the express purpose, and his countrymen delighted in seeing them try conclusions. Shakspeare's Antony speaks as the real Antony might have spoken when complaining of his rival's luck:

If we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought.

In the poet's own land, cock-fighting was popular at a very early date, Fitzstephen bearing witness that, in 1191, the boys of every London school used to bring fighting-cocks to school at Shrovetide, and, in presence of the masters, spend the forenoon in matching them one against another. Dean Colet forbade the scholars of St Paul's from following the custom, not on account of its cruelty, but because it was a foolish waste of time; but at most public schools the masters supplied the combatants, exacting from every boy a fee, called 'cock-penny.' Misson calls cock-fighting one of the royal pleasures of England, and some of our kings were very fond of it, in particular Henry VIII., who built a cockpit at Whitehall. With the populace, it was a favourite Sunday diversion. In 1585, Stubbes complained that the people flocked thick and threefold to the cockpits upon that day, the houses built for 'such devilries' hanging out flags to draw folks to their feasts of mischief, where nothing was used save swearing, forswearing, fraud, collusion, cozenage, railing, brawling, drinking, and robbing. Cromwell vetoed the sport, but it revived again at the Restoration, and was reckoned among British sports half a century ago.

In the slang of the cockpit, a young bird bred up for fighting was known as a cockerel; a bird given to running about 'the clod' as he fought was a ducker; and one that used his spurs overmuch was a heeler. A battle-royal was a contest between three, five, or seven birds pitted at the same time, the battle being won by the cock that stood up the longest. The Welsh main was on the same plan as our great greyhound contests, the birds being drawn in pairs, and conquerors fighting conquerors until but two were left to contend for the mastery. As, now-a-days, county matches itself against county in the cricket-field, so county met county in the cockpit. Thus, so long ago as 1546, Sir Henry Saville inviting a relative to see some cocking, says: 'There will be

Lancashire of one part, and Derbyshire of another part, and Hallamshire of the third part.' In a newspaper of the year 1703, is advertised the coming off of a great match at the Bowling-green behind Gray's Inn Wall, to last the whole week, between the gentlemen of Bedfordshire and Berkshire, and the gentlemen of Cambridgeshire and Essex; the match to be fought by daylight, at six guineas the battle, and one hundred guineas the odd battle. So popular was the sport in the last century, that the first year the Derby was run for at Epsom it was deemed necessary to strengthen the bill by supplementing the racing with a grand cockfight between the gentlemen of Middlesex and Surrey and the gentlemen of Wiltshire; and it is but just fifty years since Charles Dibdin sang:

To the cockpit away!  
 There's a famous day's play;  
 Quizzes, quidnuncs, and knowing ones there;  
 Bloods, blacklegs, and breeders,  
 Stags, sharks, flats, and feeders,  
 All crowding like folks at a fair.  
 See! the bags are produced, the birds pitted  
 together,  
 Plucked, cropped, steel-mounted, without a white  
 feather,  
 All British game breed—each foe seems to measure,  
 And they fight till they die, to afford Britons  
 pleasure?

The latest grand main we know of came off in 1859, in Tammany Hall, Boston, when some two hundred persons assembled to witness a match between New York and Massachusetts. For the details, we are indebted to an American paper of the time. The first battle resulted in favour of Boston, the New York cock having been fricasseed in the space of four and a half minutes; the victim was game to the last, but an unlucky blow from his antagonist in the beginning of the fight had put him at a great disadvantage. The birds were carried off, and in about ten minutes the second pair of combatants was brought out. The New York crower was a most savage creature; while an attempt was being made to weigh him, he escaped from his handler, and pitched into the front row of spectators with a fury which brought any number of backers on his battle. At it they went, and the New Yorker cooked the Boston bird in four minutes. For the third battle, two fine-looking cocks were put into the arena. Boston was altogether defiant, and New York was entirely spiteful; the Boston bird, however, at the first flip inflicted a wound upon the throat of his antagonist, who defended himself with determined pluck four minutes and a quarter, and was then carried off vanquished. For the fourth battle, two noble cocks of variegated plumage and more ferocious temperament were brought out, and expectation rose on tiptoe to witness their duel. Expectation, however, suddenly subsided into its boots, for just as the cocks were wetting their beaks, the 'beaks' made their appearance, and put an instant stop to the proceedings. A stampede took place: some of the crowd discovered an exit in the rear, and the way they tumbled over each other down-stairs was a caution to birds of any feather known in ornithology, while the principals were marched off to durance vile. So ended the grand state match, to the extreme disgust of its chronicler, who complains at the Boston authorities interfering with a pastime 'which, although it

has its devotees in Spain, France, and among the aristocracy of England, as well as among our own people, is altogether unpuritanical and extremely wicked in the eyes of those people who deem it cruel to allow these ambitious and pugnacious birds to be put to death in any other way than by wringing their necks for the pot, or torturing them for aldermanic stomachs.' Lovers of cocking should betake themselves to Dobbo in Malay-land, where street cockfights are everyday occurrences. 'The spectators make a ring; and after the long steel spurs are tied on, and the poor animals are set down to gash and kill each other, the excitement is immense. Those who have made bets scream, yell, and jump frantically, if they think they are going to win or lose; but in a very few minutes it is all over; there is a hurrah from the winners; the owners seize their cocks; the winning bird is caressed and admired; the loser is generally dead or very badly wounded; and his master may often be seen plucking out his feathers as he walks away, preparing him for the cooking-pot while the poor bird is still alive.'

In cocking, cruel as it was, the birds had some chance of escaping death; in the once popular holiday sport of throwing at the cock, they had none. The poor cock was tied to a stake, to become the prize of the man or boy who killed it with a stick thrown from a mark twenty-two yards off. When the cock belonged to some one who made a business of the game, the bird was trained to dodge the missiles, the proprietor receiving twopence for three throws with a broomstick, and losing his bird if it was knocked down and the thrower picked it up before it regained its legs. Far less cruel and much more amusing to onlookers was the Leicestershire game of whipping the cock, in which the bird was tied in a basket; round this the players, all blindfolded, were ranged, each armed with a carter's whip. At a signal, each turned round three times, and then slashed away until one of them hit the cock hard enough to make him cry out, when the bird was won.

Sometimes chanticler is possessed by a bellicose demon impelling him to exercise his fighting powers upon humankind; he is then said to be 'man keen.' A bird of this sort once killed a child 'down in Judee,' and was condemned to be stoned to death—a sentence not to be impugned. As much cannot be said of the condemnation at Basel in 1474 of an unlucky cock, that after a trial conducted with due form and solemnity, was found guilty of the heinous unnatural crime of laying an egg! The proceedings in this extraordinary case are extant. It was *proved* by the prosecution that cocks' eggs were of such value for certain magical preparations, that a sorcerer would rather possess one than the philosopher's stone itself, and that from such eggs, hatched by witches, came creatures most obnoxious to Christian folk. On the other hand, the bird's counsel pleaded that his client had inflicted no injury on man or beast by committing an involuntary act; that there was no instance of Satan entering into any compact with a brute, and therefore the cock was guiltless of sorcery. To this it was replied, that the swine possessed with devils were involuntary agents, but were nevertheless punished. The upshot was, that the cock was found guilty of being a devil in the form of a bird, and condemned to be burned with its egg at the stake. One of the injurious creatures supposed to



emanate from a cock's egg was the basilisk, which was generated by a toad or a serpent undertaking the office of incubation; and if a basilisk was not produced, a serpent would certainly be the result. In 1710, or thereabouts, a farmer took M. Lapeyronie of Montpellier some eggs, which he assured him had been laid by a cock, and that he would find the embryo serpents within them. Upon opening them, they were found devoid of yolk, but containing a coloured particle in the centre, which of course was the serpent. M. Lapeyronie obtained the cock for dissection, and then the farmer discovered that his cock's eggs were laid by a hen.

The augurs of old Rome would have been hard put to it but for our subject. 'It is not without reason,' says Pliny, 'that the consular purple pays these birds such singular honours. It is by feeding them that the omens by fowls are derived; it is these that regulate day by day the movements of our magistrates, and open or shut to them their own houses; it is these that give an impulse to the fates of the Roman magistracy, or withhold them; it is these that command victories or forbid them, and furnish auspices for victories to be gained in every part of the world. It is these that hold supreme rule over those who are the rulers of the earth, and whose entrails and fibres are as pleasing to the gods as the first-fruits of victory.' If the masters of the ancient world allowed the cock to govern their movements, it is not to be wondered at that a poor Congo chief came to grief through misinterpreting the crowing of a pet bird, of which he was the proud possessor, a bird to be proud of, indeed, if, as Father Merolla conjectures, he was the hero of the following strange story. An army of savages making a raid upon a Congo town, came upon a cock of extraordinary size, with a great iron ring about one of his legs, which made one of the wisest among them observe that the bird was bewitched, and had better be left alone. Too hungry to discuss the matter, some of the soldiers killed the cock, tore it in pieces, and put it in a pot to boil, and when done, turned it out on a platter. Grace was said, according to custom, and they prepared to set to; but before they had touched a morsel, the boiled pieces of cock-flesh, although soddened, began to move about, and gradually reuniting, the cock stood up before their astonished eyes, jumped upon the ground, and after a short walk, just to stretch his legs, leaped upon a wall, became suddenly new feathered, flapped his wings three times, made a most hideous noise, and vanished!—the frightened spectators congratulating themselves they had had the grace to say grace, as otherwise there could be no doubt they would have been killed by the resuscitated bird. This was a more wonderful bird than the one that spoke at the farm-house of Galerius, A.D. 676, the only instance of the kind upon record; which should not be the case if there is reason in law-making, for, by the old law of Savoy, a man was held justified in killing any one breaking into his house between sunset and sunrise; providing he produced a dog, a cat, or a cock belonging to the house that had witnessed the death of the intruder, and made a solemn declaration of innocence before it: his innocence being established if the animal did not contradict him, since Heaven would rather endow a dumb animal with speech, than permit a murderer to escape by perjuring himself.

In the west of England, a cock crowing at mid-

night is a sign that the angel of death is passing over the house; unless the bird be challenging a maiden disturber of his rest upon Christmas eve, when he is merely assuring her that she will be married in due time; if he disdains to notice the knocking at the hen-house door, the damsel may sing: 'All a green willow is my garland,' sure that wooers will never trouble her peace of mind.

If the cock crows on going to bed,  
He's sure to rise with a watery head.

Willsford says if the bird goes to roost at unusual hours, or crows very often in the daytime or at sunset, a sudden change in the weather may be expected; 'but when the hen crows, good men expect a storm within doors and without.' A correspondent of the *British Apollo*, alarmed by his hens thus asserting their belief in the equality of the sexes, inquired if there was anything ominous in it, and was answered:

With crowing of your hens we will not twit ye,  
Since here they every day crow in the city,  
Thence thought no omen.

When ought a cock with a well-regulated mind to crow? According to Morier, the Persians consider nine o'clock in the morning, noon, nine in the evening, and midnight, as the only times at which a properly behaved cock should crow; and any bird so depraved as to raise his defiant voice at unseasonable hours, pays with his life for the irregularity. Pliny says the cock knows how to distinguish the stars, and marks the different periods of the day every three hours by his note. Old Tusser sings:

Cock croweth at midnight times few above six,  
With pause to his neighbour to answer betwix;  
At three o'clock thicker, and then as ye know,  
Like all in to matins, near day they do crow.

This agrees with Shakspeare's first, second, and third cock. 'The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet begins at curfew, and walks to the first cock,' says Mad Tom.

Come stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crowed,  
The curfew-bell hath wrung, 'tis three o'clock,  
cries old Capulet; and Ratcliffe, rousing his master 'upon the stroke of four,' says:

The early village cock  
Hath thrice done salutation to the morn.

Dr John Fleming, after noting that the bird ordinarily begins to crow after midnight, and crows about daybreak, with usually one intermediate effort, says: 'It seems impossible to overlook the connection between the times of crowing and the minimum temperature of the night; nor can the latter be viewed apart from the state of the dew-point, or maximum degree of dampness. Other circumstances, however, exercise an influence, for it cannot be disputed that the times of crowing of different individuals are by no means similar, and that, in certain states of the weather, especially before rain, the crowing is continued all day.' If the doctor be right, then even country cocks have no settled rules for crowing; while London birds are so utterly demoralised by town-life, that they delight in raising their lively din at the most unconscionable hours, and justify the cock-hating poet's anathema:

Proud harbinger of day,  
Who scarest the vision with thy clarion shrill,  
Fell chanticleer! who oft hath reft away  
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!

Oh, to thy cursed scream, discordant still,  
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear ;  
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,  
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,  
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear !

### DANIEL MACLISE.

DANIEL MACLISE was one of those men whose lives do not furnish the incidents which form the chief interest of a biography with the general reading public. With a soul devoted to art, he laboured incessantly in its practice ; and during his later years gave his mature experience, in order that he might leave works worthy to adorn the legislative palace of the kingdom. He is spoken of as having added another name to the Irishmen who have been enrolled as Royal Academicians—Sir Martin Archer Shee, Mulready, Roberts, and Danby. But though born in Ireland, he was really of Scottish descent ; and we are surprised that his biographer, Mr O'Driscoll,\* does not notice the interesting fact, that his grandfather, Daniel Macleish, was a real Highlander, one of three brothers (we are quoting from Mr S. Carter Hall, who knew the subject of the present memoir well), millers, living near Callander, Perthshire. Macleish's father was also born in Scotland, and held an ensigncy in the Elgin Fencibles, and went with his regiment to Ireland in 1798. The date of his son's birth is rather uncertain. Mr Hall gives it 1809, but we are inclined to think Mr O'Driscoll's date, 1811, the correct one, from the fact that, in order to accept the former date, we must believe that he entered his age falsely when admitted into the Royal Academy in 1828.

The work before us contains interesting letters by the deceased artist, and also some from his distinguished friends. We should probably have had more of these, but, in answer to a letter from Mr O'Driscoll requesting some, Charles Dickens replied that he had destroyed an immense correspondence, because he considered it had been held with him, and not with the public ; and *because he could not answer for its privacy being respected when he should be dead*. The Dickens letters to Mr Macleise, tantalisingly described as 'brilliant, witty, and instructive,' are not given, probably for this reason. Nevertheless, we have the correspondence of the late Sir C. Eastlake with Macleise, and the letters of the latter written to Mr John Forster from Naples, Paris, &c.

Daniel Macleise (or McClise, for so he spelled it till 1836) at an early period shewed a taste for art. At school, his copy-books were scribbled over with pen-and-ink sketches ; and his facility in drawing his schoolfellows was their wonder and delight. He left school early, and was placed in a banking-house, though it may readily be imagined such an employment was not a very congenial one to him. Here he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of a genial patron of art and an accomplished archæologist, Mr Sainthill, who became his friend through life, and only died a few months before the artist. One of his first artistic efforts appears to have been the illustration of Mr Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends of Ireland*. The sketches were executed in pen and ink, the artist inventing

a preparation of Indian ink and other substances, in order to avoid the yellowish hue which ordinary Indian ink assumes. In 1825, a circumstance occurred which caused the young artist to turn his attention to portraiture. Sir Walter Scott visited Ireland in that year, and while at Cork, visited the shop of Mr Bolster the bookseller. Macleise, then a boy of fourteen, saw the Great Unknown there, and in a few minutes, unobserved, had made three sketches of him. From one of these he made a highly-finished pen-and-ink drawing, which he shewed to Bolster next day. It was placed in a conspicuous part of the shop, and attracted the attention of Sir Walter, who wished to know the artist. The boy was brought forward, and introduced to the great novelist, who smilingly predicted great things for him. The sketch was soon afterwards lithographed, and had a great sale. After this he had plenty of work to do, making pencil portraits at a guinea and a half. The earliest of these had exquisitely finished backgrounds ; but when time became of more importance to him, these were discarded. By the autumn of 1826, he had raised the price of his three-quarter-length portraits to five guineas.

In July 1827, he came to London, a drawing of his having procured him admission to the Royal Academy as a student. Crofton Croker, S. C. Hall, and Wyon interested themselves in his behalf ; and from this time his success was assured. One of the first portraits he executed in London was a sketch of Charles Kean on his first appearance on the stage as Young Norval in Home's tragedy of *Douglas*. It was lithographed, and published the next day, having an immense sale.

As a student at the Academy, he seems to have been particularly successful, carrying off the highest prizes. In 1829, he gained the gold medal for the best historical composition, 'The Choice of Hercules,' which was presented to him amid thunders of applause, in a brilliant assemblage of rank and talent. He did not, however, avail himself of the travelling studentship of the Academy, now his by right, but put his shoulder to the wheel to produce works for the Academy exhibitions. 'Malvolio affecting the Count,' from *Twelfth Night*, was his first exhibited picture, and appeared this year. It is now in the Vernon Gallery. Seven of his pictures (four of them portraits) were exhibited next year, and six in 1831 ; but though these were works of high merit, it was his 'Mokanna unveiling his Features to Zelica'—a subject taken from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*—exhibited in 1833, that directed general attention to him, at once placing him in the foremost rank among artists. 'The Chivalrous Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock,' shewn in 1835, was much admired for its gorgeous colouring ; and the next year, though little more than twenty-four years old, the artist became an Associate of the Royal Academy. It is unnecessary for us to mention his various works, which, year after year, appeared on the walls of the Academy exhibition. He had a decided preference for historical and Shakspearean subjects, among the latter we notice, 'Puck disenchanting Bottom ;' 'Macbeth and the Weird Sisters' (with Macready as Macbeth) ; 'Banqueting Scene in *Macbeth* ;' 'Scene from *Twelfth Night* ;' 'Play-scene in *Hamlet* ;' 'Othello, Desdemona, and Emilia ;' 'A Winter Night's Tale ;' 'Sleep of Duncan ;' and 'Outlines to illustrate Shakspeare's Seven Ages,' published by the Art

\* A Memoir of Daniel Macleise, R.A., by W. Justin O'Driscoll, M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-law. London: Longmans, 1871.

Union. In *Fraser's Magazine* from 1829 to 1836, appeared some portraits of celebrated persons by Maclise, signed 'Alfred Croquis,' with letterpress, often severely personal, by Oliver Yorke (Maginn). The portraits were very clever, and attracted considerable attention. Under the same *nom de plume*, Maclise wrote a poem in *Fraser*, May 1838, entitled 'Christmas Revels, an Epic Rhapsody, in twelve duans.'

In 1840, Maclise was elected an Academician, and presented his diploma picture to the Academy—'The Wild Huntsman.' He made a delightful visit to Paris that year with his two beautiful sisters, and sent jovial, chatty letters to his friend John Forster the while. At the Louvre, he sketched, not the pictures, but the artists, until an attendant politely told him it was '*défendu d'étudier d'après nature*,' which, he thought, accounted for the state of art there. Eminence has its drawbacks, even to an artist, and we find him describing to his friend, in a succeeding letter, the visit of two gentlemen to see his 'Play-scene in *Hamlet*,' before it left his studio. One of these was a *nouveau riche*, and neither knew anything of the play. We can sympathise with the artist when he says: 'I felt myself a very spoon even in explaining to them—the plot and the meaning of the picture; and my soul fell down into my slippers to think that that man is the representative of a thousand such! Oh! were you to see the puzzled, unintelligent look he used now to throw on me, and then on the picture, and then on his *pal*, who only looked at the tip of my nose!'

In 1846, the exhibition of works suitable for mural painting took place in Westminster Hall. Maclise sent 'Alfred in the Danish Camp;' and on being requested by the commissioners to prepare a design to be executed in fresco at the Palace of Westminster, he produced 'The Spirit of Chivalry' for the House of Lords, finished in 1847. This was much admired; and he then set about the companion picture, 'The Spirit of Justice.' The study in oils for the latter appeared in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1850. In 1854, he exhibited 'The Marriage of Strongbow and Eva,' and the Westminster commissioners wished him to reproduce it on the west side of the Painted Chamber in fresco at the price of one thousand five hundred pounds. This was a small sum, considering the size, and the artist declined, partly for this reason, and partly from the unfavourable position. Being selected in 1855 one of the Fine Art Jurors of the Paris Exhibition, he went to Paris to fulfil his duties; but as the jury soon broke up, he was enabled to have a delightful tour in Italy with his brother. In 1857, forty-two exquisitely finished drawings, illustrating the Norman Conquest, appeared on the walls of the Academy. He painted at this time also 'The Nymph at the Waterfall,' for Charles Dickens; a picture that brought six hundred and ten guineas at the sale of that novelist's effects. After this time, Maclise was much engaged in the revived art of fresco-painting. It will be remembered that the Fine Art Committee appointed by parliament in 1841, published a very interesting Report on Fresco-painting, the subject-matter of which was prepared by Sir C. Eastlake. He had gained much information on the subject from the German historical painter Cornelius, who came to London in 1841, and Sir Charles's own studies had added materially to this. Mr Maclise was offered

one thousand pounds each for the thirteen compartments of the Royal Gallery, and three thousand five hundred pounds each for two compartments of larger size (forty-five feet eight inches). He began a cartoon of the 'Meeting of Blücher and Wellington,' in March 1858, the costume of the latter being copied from uniform actually worn on the day of battle. General Nostitz, aide-de-camp of Blücher, sent notes and sketches of the uniform worn by that general. The cartoon was completed in July 1859, and it is needless to remark how much it was admired. Now came the question of how it was to be painted, the artist finding that the stained-glass window rendered it almost impossible to execute the work in fresco. If this had been removed, he said, the architectural form of the window appeared all over the space, and he therefore offered to paint the picture in oils, 'executed in compartments like its cartoon, and on wooden panels mortised together, of a more genuine integrity than lath and plaster, and rigidly sustained in its place.' The Prince Consort was very disappointed at this, and wrote to Sir C. Eastlake: 'The spot which is to be decorated by painting absolutely requires *monumental treatment*; and feeling this, the Commissioners selected the style of fresco; and we have evidence of Mr Maclise being master of it in his former works. . . . If Mr Maclise feels disgusted at the dry and rigid materials for his production, and longs for oil, it is because he feels pain in the struggle to have cast away the peculiar means of producing effects in *finishing up minute details, in which he knows he excels*. But a grand historical work requires the sacrifice of these details; and fresco is a protection to Mr Maclise against himself, and insures his rising by his work to a height as an artist which he cannot himself comprehend as yet.' The Prince recommended that the stained glass should be taken out of the windows, and drew a sketch in which a white surface should be placed to reflect the light. He saw Mr Maclise himself, and gave him a pamphlet by Professor Fuchs of Munich on the then new process of stereochromy. It ended by Maclise going to Berlin to investigate the new process. In this he was assisted by Lady Eastlake, who acted as interpreter. His Report is given in the appendix to the work before us, and is a very interesting one. A portion of the great painting had been executed in fresco, and when Maclise came to the conclusion to use the stereochromic or water-glass process, he destroyed that portion. The great work was finished in December 1861, though not shewn generally for four years after. It had been stated in some of the papers that the interview never took place, so that Maclise was glad to be able to silence this report by a communication from General Nostitz stating that having been 'personal aide-de-camp to Prince Blücher throughout the campaigns of 1813-15, and by his side at every important movement, he was able to assert positively that this meeting really took place—that the two generals congratulated each other there on the brilliant victory achieved by them, and concerted measures for the pursuit of the enemy during the night.' Maclise began the 'Death of Nelson' in February 1863, and finished it at the end of 1864. It appears from a Report adopted by a Royal Commission which met in July 1864 'to consider the agreements made by the Fine Arts Commission with artists in respect

to wall-paintings for the Palace of Westminster,' that of the several artists employed, Mr Maclise was the only one who at all acted up to his engagements. Mr Herbert had engaged to paint nine pictures in ten years for nine thousand pounds; at the end of fifteen years he had nearly finished one, and submitted designs for three more. He had received two thousand pounds for the one, and one thousand eight hundred pounds for the three designs, and the commissioners recommended, that in consequence of the importance of the work (the 'Moses') he should receive three thousand pounds more, which sum was paid him. Mr Maclise, on the other hand, had finished two works of large size in a comparatively short time, and the commissioners thought him fairly entitled to a further sum of three thousand pounds, making ten thousand pounds for the two paintings: *this sum was never paid him for the Wellington, and his agreement to paint the other spaces was cancelled.*

Nelson was struck by a bullet fired by a sharp-shooter in the mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable*, and in Maclise's picture, a young midshipman is represented bringing down the man who did this deed. Mr O'Driscoll informs us that this midshipman was Lieutenant Pollard, now a pensioner at Greenwich Hospital. He says that he visited him there, and learned many details concerning the action. Here is an extract from his note-book: 'I saw Drummond, the valet of Nelson, and Captain Parker, who was also at Trafalgar. I saw Admiral Seymour, who was a midshipman on board the *Victory*. The *Téméraire* was on one side. The *Victory* was attempted to be boarded by the captain of the *Redoubtable*. Main-yards lowered to make a bridge to the *Victory*.'

Sir C. Eastlake, the President of the Royal Academy, died in 1865. The chair was offered to Sir Edwin Landseer, and then, on his declining it, to Daniel Maclise. But many things—chiefly the death of his sister, to whom he was devoted—led him, like Sir Edwin, to decline the honour, which was accepted by Sir F. Grant. In a letter in February 1866 to Mr Stephens, speaking of his 'Wellington,' Mr Maclise says: 'That kind of efflorescence or bloom, shall I call it, that occurs on the surface of every kind of glass, has appeared in parts of the first picture, as you may have seen. A great authority, Dr Hoffman, told me that such is only a proof of its indelibility. I confess I received the news with little satisfaction. But even if this kind of chill were uniform, I do not think it would degrade the work. Much worse happens in those appliances of old brown varnishes and oil glazes in which the latest generations believed, and lingering still, still vitiates, I think, the general taste. But what method of painting could bear up against the climate of that hall? Long drippings of moisture fall over the surface of the paintings at one time, and at another a full focus of blazing sunshine from eight emblazoned windows falls upon them.' Speaking of Mr Herbert's 'Moses,' at a later time, he observes: 'Herbert's "Moses" is, in my mind, worth all that West ever produced, and yet the nation gives grudgingly a most inadequate price to the painter for such a picture, the result of many years' toil, whilst West received, it is said, not less than £34,000 from George III. for the works he executed for the king.' Maclise died 25th April 1870, and was buried in the cemetery at Kensal

Green; and we cannot do better, in concluding this paper, than quote the words of Charles Dickens at the Royal Academy dinner respecting the great artist: 'The gentlest and most modest of men, the freest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants, and the frankest and largest-hearted as to his peers, incapable of a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true dignity of his vocation, without one grain of self-assertion, wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, "in wit a man, in simplicity a child," no artist, of whatsoever denomination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving a golden memory more free from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the art goddess whom he worshipped.'

#### TRUST.

By that strange shadow on your brow  
And in your darkened eyes,  
I know that you are angry now—  
Nay, shew not such surprise—  
Do you suppose, that waltzing there,  
I saw not how you frowned?  
I watched your discontented air  
Each time the dance came round.  
I would not break your gloomy mood,  
But let you frown your fill—  
For watchfulness in love is good,  
But trust is better still.

Have I confessed my love to you,  
And hearkened all you said,  
For you to doubt me (as you do,  
Although you shake your head),  
Because of each slight foppish thing  
That gives me tender looks,  
And turns the pages when I sing,  
Or finds my music-books?  
In your too great solicitude,  
I say you treat me ill—  
For watchfulness in love is good,  
But trust is better still.

Nay, sir; your brows must not be bent;  
Don't try to frown me down.—  
Ah! now I see that you relent;  
I will not let you frown.  
Have you forgotten that spring day  
When in the lanes we strolled,  
And how the twilight passed away  
Before your tale was told?  
Then trust me, as you said you would—  
Ah, yes, I know you will—  
For watchfulness in love is good,  
But trust is better still.

The Publishers of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:  
1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 47 Paternoster Row, London.'

2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

3d. All MSS. should bear the author's full CHRISTIAN name, surname, and address, legibly written.

4th. MSS. should be written on one side of the leaf only. Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return rejected papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.